

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

F.D.C.

10

INCORPORATING
YELLOW-JACKET
COMICS

No. 16

Pictures And Story
Complete In This Issue
"SILAS MARNER"
BY GEORGE ELLIOT

HONEST, I DIDN'T
DO IT! BUT I LOVE
TO BE CHASED—
BY YOU!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DEBUNKER



**NICOTINE IS THE YELLOW
MARK ON FINGER TIPS.
NO... IT IS TOBACCO TAR.**



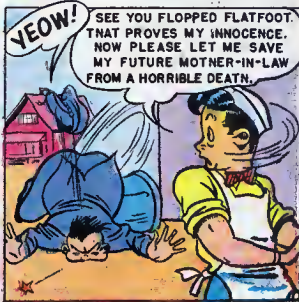
THE UKULELE IS HAWAIIAN
IT ORIGINATED IN PORTUGAL WHERE
IT IS STILL PLAYED.



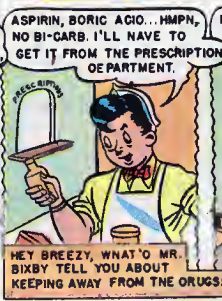
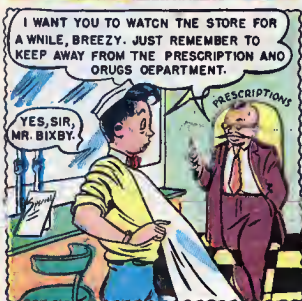
**PARROTS
CAN TALK:**

**A PARROT CAN
ONLY IMITATE SOUND.
IT LEARNS THAT
SOUND BRINGS RESULTS.**

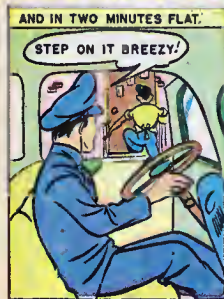
**CARBOLIC ACID IS NOT
AN ACID... IN REALITY IT
IS A CORROSIVE ALCOHOL.**



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

AND IN TWO HOPS... THE HOSPITAL.



THANKS FOR THE LIFT OFFICER.

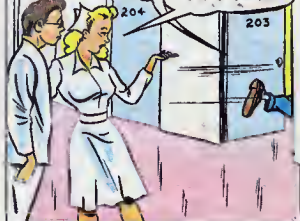
WAIT...HAVE YOU A VISITOR'S PASS?

I'M AFRAID THE PERSON I'M VISITING HAS PASSED ALREADY... PERMANENTLY.



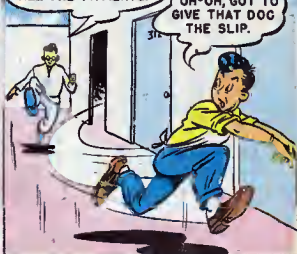
MRS GORDON, WHERE ARE YOU? HONEST, I DIDN'T MEAN TO TRY AND POISON YOU.

THERE HE IS. STOP HIM!



HEY, YOU, YOU'RE DISTURBING ALL THE PATIENTS.

OH-OH, GOT TO GIVE THAT DOG THE SLIP.



I'LL POSE AS A PATIENT AND GIVE THE POSSE THE SLIP.



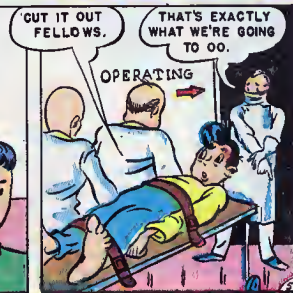
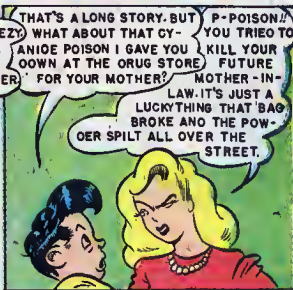
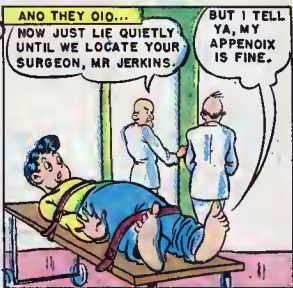
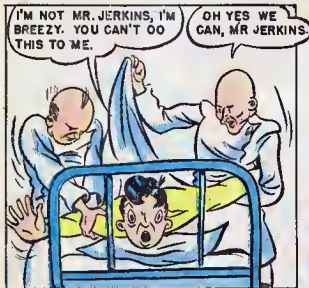
WHEW! HE PASSED ME BY!



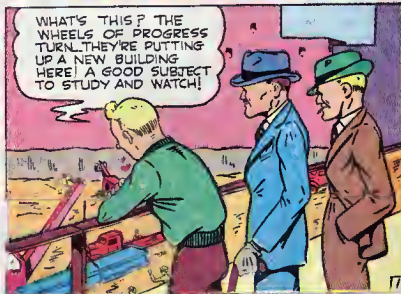
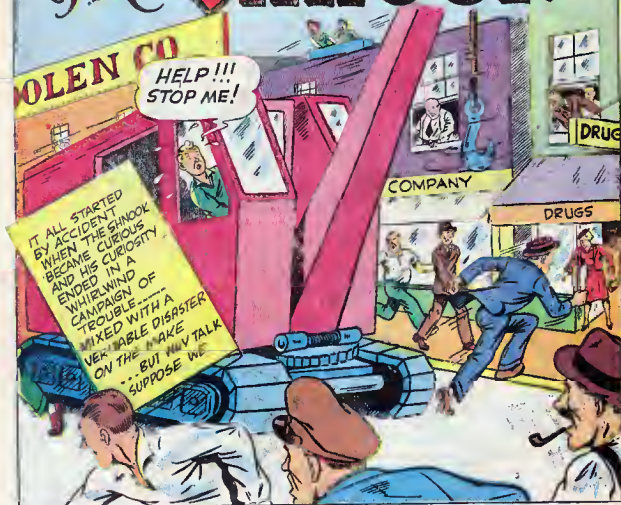
THIS IS IT MIKE. ROOM 369, DUE FOR APPENDECTOMY OPERATION.



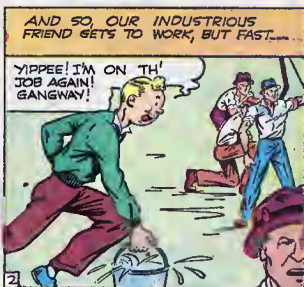
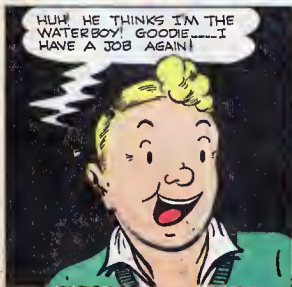
JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



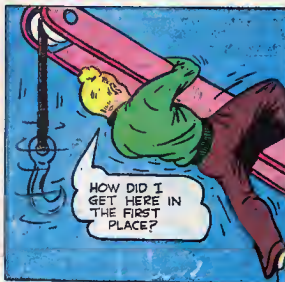
The SHNOOK



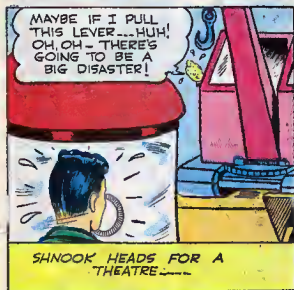
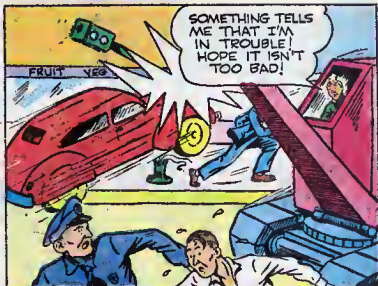
JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS





ADAM ATE OF THE APPLE.
NO MENTION IN THE BIBLE OF
AN APPLE-IT IS GIVEN AS THE
FORBIDDEN FRUIT.



HAY FEVER
IS NOT A FEVER-AND IS VERY
SELDOM CAUSED BY HAY.

INDIANS ARE NOT U.S. CITIZENS?



JUNE 2, 1924. A LAW WAS ENACTED WHICH
STATED "ALL INDIANS IN TERRITORIAL
LIMITS OF U.S.-BE CITIZENS OF U.S."

Silas Marner

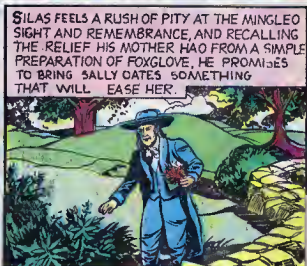
by George Eliot

IT WAS FIFTEEN YEARS SINCE SILAS MARNER, THE WEAVER, HAD FIRST COME TO THE VILLAGE OF RAVELOE. AND IN ALL THAT TIME, HE HAD INVITED NO COMER TO STEP ACROSS HIS DOOR-SILL, AND HE NEVER STROLLED INTO THE VILLAGE TO EAT AND DRINK AT THE RAINBOW INN, OR TO GOSSIP AT THE WHEELWRIGHT'S.

INSTEAD, THE LIVE-
LONG DAY, HE SITS AT
HIS LOOM, HIS EARS
FILLED WITH ITS
MONOTONY, HIS EYES
BENT CLOSE DOWN
ON THE SLOW GROWTH
OF THE BROWNISH WEB.

BUT AT NIGHT,
COMES HIS REVELRY.
AT NIGHT HE CLOSES
HIS SHUTTER, MAKES
FAST HIS DOOR, AND
DRAWS FORTH HIS
GOLD.





JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

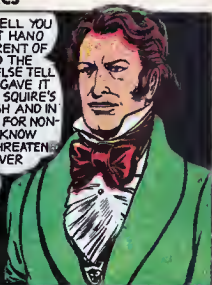
WELL, MASTER GODFREY, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

THIS IS WHAT I WANT, DUNSTAN, JUST PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND LISTEN, WILL YOU?



THE GREATEST MAN IN THE VILLAGE OF RAVELOE IS OLD SQUIRE CASS WHO LIVES WITH HIS SONS, GODFREY AND DUNSTAN, IN THE LARGE RED HOUSE.

I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I MUST HAND OVER THAT RENT OF FOWLER'S TO THE SQUIRE, OR ELSE TELL HIM THAT I GAVE IT TO YOU. THE SQUIRE'S SHORT O' CASH AND IN NO HUMOUR FOR NONSENSE. YOU KNOW HOW HE THREATENS YOU IF HE EVER FOUND YOU HAD TAKEN HIS MONEY AGAIN.



OH, SUPPOSE, NOW, YOU GET THE MONEY YOURSELF AND SAVE ME THE TROUBLE, EH? YOU WERE KIND TO HAND IT OVER TO ME, YOU'LL NOT REFUSE ME THE KINNESS TO PAY IT BACK FOR ME.

DDN'T COME NEAR ME WITH THAT HOOK, ELSE I'LL KNOCK YOU DOWN!



DH, NO, YOU WONT, BECAUSE I MIGHT GET YOU TURNED OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME. I MIGHT TELL THE SQUIRE THAT HIS HANDSOME SON WAS MARRIED TO MOLLY FARREN AND WAS VERY UNHAPPY BECAUSE HE COULDN'T LIVE WITH HIS CRAZED WIFE!



HOW CAN I GET THE MONEY? I HAVEN'T A SINGLE SHILLING TO MY NAME!

WELL, THEN SELL YOUR FAVORITE HORSE, WILDFIRE! BETTER YET, SINCE I'M GOOD AT TACING PEOPLE INTO BARGAINS, LET ME SELL HIM.



WELL, YOU MEAN NO NONSENSE, EH? YOU'LL SELL HIM ALL FAIR, AND HAND OVER THE MONEY? IF YOU DONT, EVERYTHING 'ULL GO TO SMASH!

I THOUGHT YOU'D COME ROUND. I'LL RIDE WILDFIRE TO THE HUNT TOMORROW AND BRING BRYCE UP TO SCRATCH. I'LL GET YOU A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOR HIM.



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

HEYDAY!
YOU'RE ON
YOUR BROTHER'S
HORSE TODAY!
HOW'S THAT?

OH, I'VE SWOPPED WITH
HIM! THERE WAS A LITTLE
ACCOUNT BETWEEN US, SO
I GOT THE HORSE. I'D SELL
HIM FOR A HUNDRED
AND FIFTY.



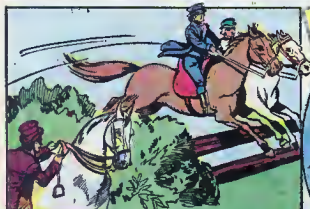
THE NEXT DAY, AT THE HUNT, DUNSTAN
BARGAINS WITH BRYCE OVER WILDFIRE.

I'LL TAKE HIM. DELIVER
HIM TO MY STABLES AT
BATHERLY. I'LL PAY
FOR HIM THEN.

ALRIGHT, BRYCE.
BUT I'LL TRY HIM
IN A RUN WITH
THE HOUNDS FOR
THE LAST TIME.



UNDER THIS
EXASPERATION,
DUNSTAN TAKES
THE FENCES
MORE BLINDLY!



DURING THE HUNT, DUNSTAN HAS TO GET
DOWN TO ARRANGE HIS STIRRUP. HE IS
ANNOYED AT THIS INTERRUPTION WHICH HAS
THROWN HIM IN THE REAR OF THE HUNT.

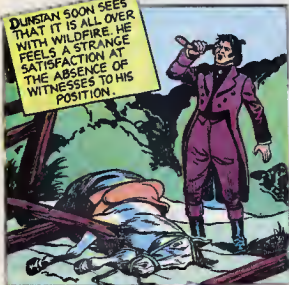


DUNSTAN TAKES
ONE FENCE TOO
MANY, AND GETS
WILDFIRE
PIERCED WITH A
HEDGE-STAKE.



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

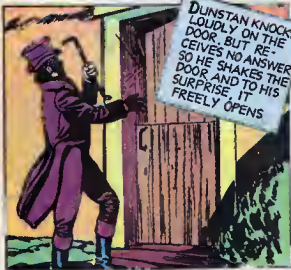
DUNSTAN SOON SEES THAT IT IS ALL OVER WITH WILDFIRE. HE FEELS A STRANGE SATISFACTION AT THE ABSENCE OF WITNESSES TO HIS POSITION.



AFTER A WHILE, DUNSTAN FINDS HIMSELF OUTSIDE SILAS MARNER'S COTTAGE. THE MONEY WHICH HE KNOWS IS HIDDEN WITHIN HAS BEEN MUCH ON HIS MIND DURING HIS WALK, AND HE HAS BEEN IMAGINING WAYS OF TEMPTING THE WEAVER TO PART WITH IT FOR THE SAKE OF RECEIVING INTEREST.



DUNSTAN KNOCKS LOUDLY ON THE DOOR, BUT RECEIVES NO ANSWER, SO HE SHAKES THE DOOR AND TO HIS SURPRISE, IT FREELY OPENS.



ONCE INSIDE, THE IDEA OF THE MONEY POSSESSES HIM. SO HIS EYES TRAVEL EAGERLY OVER THE FLOOR AND HE NOTICES ONE SPOT COMPLETELY COVERED WITH SAND.



IN AN INSTANT DUNSTAN DARTS TO THE SPOT, SWEEPS AWAY THE SAND WITH HIS WHIP, AND INSERTING THE THIN END OF THE HOOK BETWEEN THE BRICKS, FINDS THAT THEY ARE LOOSE.



IN HASTE HE LIFTS UP TWO BRICKS AND FINDS SILAS MARNER'S TREASURE.

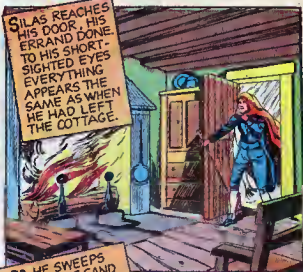


JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



WHEN DUNSTAN CASS TURNS HIS BACK ON THE COTTAGE, SILAS MARNER IS NOT A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY FROM IT, FLOODING ALONG FROM THE VILLAGE.

SILAS REACHES HIS DOOR, HIS ERRAND DONE. TO HIS SHORT-SIGHTED EYES EVERYTHING APPEARS THE SAME AS WHEN HE HAD LEFT THE COTTAGE.



AS SOON AS HE IS WARM, SILAS BEGINS TO THINK THAT IT WOULD BE PLEASANT TO SEE HIS GUINEAS ON THE TABLE BEFORE HIM, AS HE EATS HIS UNWONTED MEAL.



SO, HE SWEEPS AWAY THE SAND AND REMOVES THE BRICKS. THE EMPTY HOLE MAKES HIS HEART LEAP. HE CANNOT BELIEVE THAT HIS IS GONE!



AT LAST, SILAS SHAKES SO VIOLENTLY THAT HE LETS FALL THE CANOLE AND GIVES VENT TO A WILD RINGING SCREAM OF DESOLATION.



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



SILAS FEELS THAT HE MUST PROCLAIM HIS LOSS. SO HE RUSHES OUT IN THE RAIN, AND SWIFTLY APPROACHES THE RAINBOW INN.



MASTER MARNER! WHAT'S LACKING TO YOU? WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS HERE?

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! I WANT THE CONSTABLE AND THE JUSTICE AND SQUIRE CASS!



LAY HOLD ON HIM, JEM RODNEY! HE'S OFF HIS HEAD. HE'S WET THROUGH.

LAY HOLD ON HIM YOURSELF, MR SNELL. HE'S BEEN ROBBED AND MURDERED, FOR ALL I KNOW!

JEM RODNEY, YOU STOLE MY MONEY!



ME STOLE YOUR MONEY! I'LL PITCH THIS CAN AT YOUR EYE IF YOU TALK 'O ME THAT WAY!

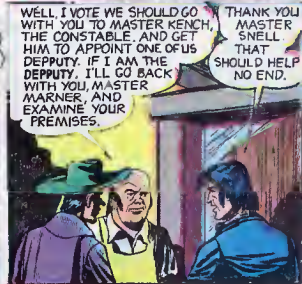
COME, COME MASTER MARNER! IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION TO LAY, SPEAK IT OUT SENSIBLY.



WELL, HOW MUCH MIGHT THERE BE, MASTER MARNER?

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO POUNDS, LAST NIGHT WHEN I COUNTED IT.

POO! SOME TRAMP'S BEEN IN THAT'S ALL.

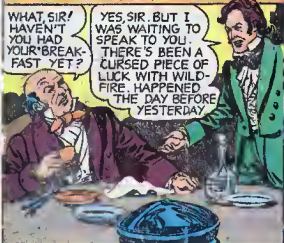


WELL, I VOTE WE SHOULD GO WITH YOU TO MASTER KENCH, THE CONSTABLE, AND GET HIM TO APPOINT ONE OF US DEPUTTY. IF I AM THE DEPUTTY, I'LL GO BACK WITH YOU, MASTER MARNER, AND EXAMINE YOUR PREMISES.

THANK YOU, MASTER SNELL. THAT SHOULD HELP NO END.

JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, GODFREY CASS
FACES THE OLD SQUIRE, HIS FATHER.



WHAT, SIR!
HAVEN'T YOU HAD
YOUR BREAK-
FAST YET?

YES, SIR. BUT I
WAS WAITING TO
SPEAK TO YOU.
THERE'S BEEN A
CURSED PIECE OF
LUCK WITH WILD-
FIRE. HAPPENED
THE DAY BEFORE
YESTERDAY.

WHAT! I
THOUGHT
YOU KNEW
HOW TO
RIDE WELL.
I NEVER
THREW A
HORSE IN
MY LIFE.

HE'S BEEN KILLED, SIR.
AND I WAS THINKING OF PAY-
ING YOU WITH THE PRICE I
WOULD HAVE GOT ON WILD-
FIRE. DUNSTAN BOTHERED ME
FOR THE RENT MONEY ON
FOWLER'S PLACE
AND I LET HIM HAVE
IT.



YOU LET DUNSTAN HAVE IT?
ARE YOU TURNING OUT A
SCAMP? I WON'T HAVE IT!
WHERE IS DUNSTAN, THEN?
GO AND FETCH HIM AND LET
HIM GIVE ACCOUNT OF
WHAT HE'S DONE WITH
THE MONEY!

DUNSTAN
ISN'T COME
BACK, SIR.
HE WASN'T
HURT. AND
I DARE SAY
WE'LL SEE HIM
AGAIN, BUT I
DON'T KNOW
WHERE HE IS.

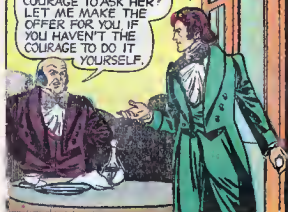


FOOLERIES! IT'S TIME YOU'D DONE WITH FOOLER-
IES! YOUR GOINGS ON ARE NOT WHAT I SHALL
FIND MONEY FOR ANY
LONGER! I'D SOON YOU
MARRIED LAMETER.
DAUGHTER, NANCY.
BUT YOU HAD
BETTER SEE TO
IT, SIR.



THINK! WHY
HAVEN'T YOU THE
COURAGE TO ASK HER?
LET ME MAKE THE
OFFER FOR YOU IF
YOU HAVEN'T THE
COURAGE TO DO IT
YOURSELF.

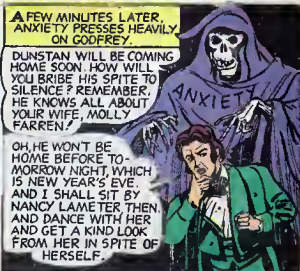
BUT I DON'T THINK
SHE'LL HAVE ME!



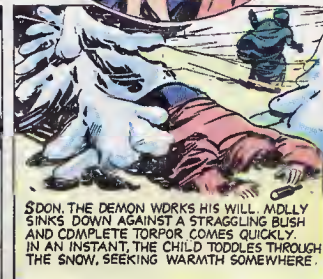
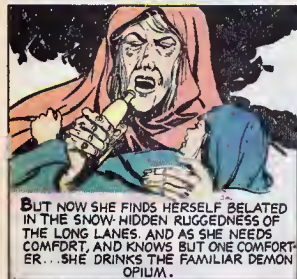
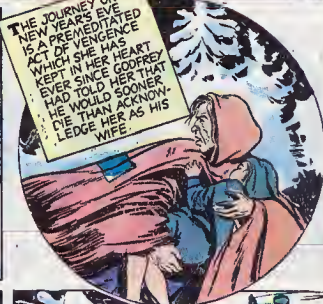
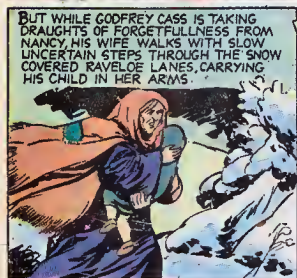
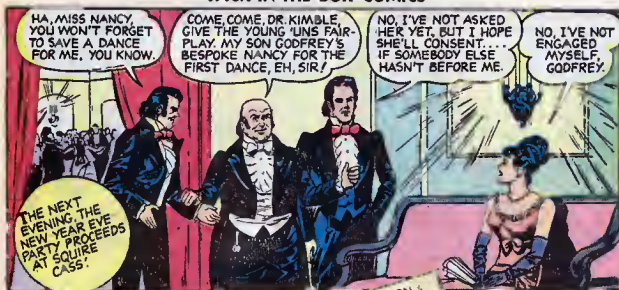
A FEW MINUTES LATER,
ANXIETY PRESSES HEAVILY
ON GODFREY.

DUNSTAN WILL BE COMING
HOME SOON. HOW WILL
YOU BRIBE HIS SPITE TO
SILENCE? REMEMBER,
HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT
YOUR WIFE, MOLLY
FARREN.

OH, HE WON'T BE
HOME BEFORE TO-
MORROW NIGHT, WHICH
IS NEW YEAR'S EVE.
AND I SHALL SIT BY
NANCY LAMETER THEN.
AND DANCE WITH HER
AND GET A KIND LOOK
FROM HER IN SPITE OF
HERSELF.



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

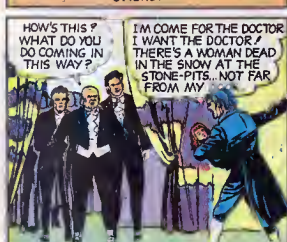




THE BABY TODDLES THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR OF SILAS MARNER'S COTTAGE AND RIGHT UP TO THE WARM HEARTH WHERE THERE IS A BRIGHT FIRE OF LOGS AND STICKS.



AT FIRST, SILAS THINKS HIS GOLD HAS COME BACK TO HIM BUT THEN HE SEES THAT A LITTLE SLEEPING CHILD IS LYING ON HIS HEARTH.



HOW'S THIS? WHAT DO YOU DO COMING IN THIS WAY?

I'VE COME FOR THE DOCTOR I WANT THE DOCTOR! THERE'S A WOMAN DEAD IN THE SNOW AT THE STONE-PITS... NOT FAR FROM MY

A FEW MINUTES LATER, SILAS APPEARS AT THE RED HOUSE WITH GODFREY'S CHILD.



WHAT CHILD IS IT?

SOME POOR WOMAN'S, WHO HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE SNOW, I BELIEVE.

WHY, YOU'D BETTER LEAVE THE CHILD HERE, THEN, MASTER MARNER.

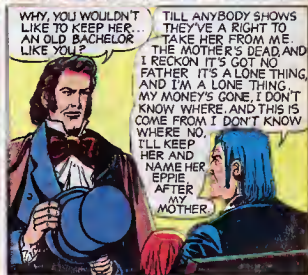
NO! I CAN'T PART WITH IT. I CAN'T LET IT GO. IT'S COME TO ME. I'VE A RIGHT TO KEEP IT.



YOU'LL TAKE THE CHILD TO THE PARISH TOMORROW, MARNER?

WHO SAYS SO? WILL THEY MAKE ME TAKE HER

A SHORT WHILE LATER AT SILAS MARNER'S COTTAGE, GODFREY VIEWS THE BODY OF HIS UNKNOWN AND UNWANTED WIFE.



WHY, YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO KEEP HER... AN OLD BACHELOR LIKE YOU?

TILL ANYBODY SHOWS THEY'VE A RIGHT TO TAKE HER FROM ME. THE MOTHER'S DEAD, AND I RECKON IT'S GOT NO FATHER. IT'S A LONE THING, AND I'M A LONE THING. MY MONEY'S GONE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE, AND THIS IS COME FROM I DON'T KNOW WHERE NO. I'LL KEEP HER AND NAME HER EPPIE AFTER MY MOTHER.

JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

I WISH WE HAD A GARDEN, FATHER. ONLY THEY SAY IT 'UD TAKE A DEAL OF DIGGING AND BRINGING FRESH SOIL. COULD YOU DO THAT, FATHER?

YES, I COULD DO IT, CHILD, IF YOU WANT A BIT OF A GARDEN.

I CAN DIG IT FOR YOU, MASTER MARNER. IT'LL BE PLAY FOR ME AFTER I'VE DONE MY DAY'S WORK. AND I'LL BRING YOU SOME SOIL FROM MR. CASS' GARDEN.

EH, AARON, MY LAD, ARE YOU THERE? I WASN'T AWARE OF YOU.

THEN, IF YOU THINK WELL AND GOOD, I'LL COME TO THE STONE-PIT THIS AFTERNOON, SINCE THEY'RE DRAINING THE LAND, AND WE'LL SETTLE WHAT LAND'S TO BE TAKEN IN.

SO SILAS MARNER KEEPS THE BABY AND SIXTEEN YEARS PASS PEACEFULLY AND HAPPILY, WITH YOUNG EPIE GROWING INTO A VERY PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN.



MISTER CASS / WE'VE FOUND YOUR BROTHER DUNSTAN / HERE!



THAT AFTERNOON THE STONE-PITS ARE DRAINED, AND A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY IS MADE.

IT'S MR. DUNSTAN, ALRIGHT, SIR. HERE'S YOUR RIDING CRDP. HE'D BEEN CARRYING IT.

MY GOLD! THERE'S MY GOLD!

YES, IT SEEMS THAT DUNSTAN WAS THE ONE WHO STOLE YOUR GOLD, MARNER.



THE LONG LOST DUNSTAN IS FOUND WITH THE GOLD HE HAD STOLEN FROM SILAS MARNER.

DEAR, I'M SO THANKFUL YOU'VE COME. I BEGAN TO GET WORRIED...

NANCY I CAME BACK AS SOON AS I COULD. WE'VE FOUND DUNSTAN, HIS BODY, HIS SKELETON



A FEW MINUTES LATER GODFREY, ACCEPTING THIS SUDDEN REVELATION AS AN ACT OF GOD, HURRIES TO CONFESS EVERYTHING TO HIS WIFE.

HE FELL IN THE OLD STONE-PIT. DUNSTAN WAS THE MAN WHO ROBBED SILAS MARNER, NANCY.

OH, GODFREY!



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

EVERYTHING COMES TO LIGHT, NANCY, SOONER OR LATER. WHEN GOD ALMIGHTY WILL'S IT, OUR SECRETS ARE FOUND OUT. WHEN I MARRIED YOU, NANCY, I HID SOMETHING FROM YOU. THAT WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN THE SNOW...EPPIE'S MOTHER...WAS MY WIFE! EPPIE IS MY CHILD!



GODFREY, IF YOU HAD TOLD ME THIS SIX YEARS AGO, WE COULD HAVE DONE SOME OF OUR DUTY BY THE CHILD, BUT...

BUT IT'S YOUR DUTY TO ACKNOWLEDGE HER AND PROVIDE FOR HER, AND I'LL DO MY PART BY HER AND PRAY TO GOD ALMIGHTY TO MAKE HER LOVE ME.

THEN WE'LL GO TO SILAS MARNER'S THIS VERY NIGHT.



LATER...



WELL, MARNER, IT'S A GREAT COMFORT TO ME TO SEE YOU WITH YOUR MONEY AGAIN. IT WAS ONE OF MY FAMILY RESPONSIBLE AND I FEEL BOUND TO MAKE UP TO YOU FOR IT.

SIR, THE MONEY MEANS NOTHING TO ME SINCE I FOUND EPPIE.

WHAT I MEAN, IS THAT I'VE COME TO CLAIM EPPIE AS MY CHILD. HER MOTHER WAS MY WIFE. I HAVE A NATURAL CLAIM ON HER.

THEN, SIR, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO SIXTEEN YEARS AGO, AND CLAIM HER BEFORE I'D COME TO LOVE HER, INSTEAD O' COMING TO TAKE HER FROM ME NOW!



I KNOW THAT, MARNER. I WAS WRONG. I'VE REPENTED OF MY CONDUCT IN THAT MATTER.

I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT, SIR. BUT THAT DOESN'T ALTER THE FEELINGS INSIDE US. BUT ASK THE CHILD HER OPINION. I WON'T STAND IN HER WAY.



THANK YOU, SIR, FOR YOUR OFFER. IT'S VERY GREAT AND FAR ABOVE MY WISH. BUT I CAN'T FEEL AS I'VE GOT ANY FATHER BUT ONE. AND I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF A LITTLE HOUSE WHERE HE'D SIT IN THE CORNER AND I'D DO EVERYTHING FOR HIM. BESIDES, I'M PROMISED TO MARRY AARON, A WORKING MAN WHO WILL LIVE WITH MY FATHER AND HELP ME TAKE CARE O' HIM. SO IT'S FAR TOO LATE IN THE DAY, SIR, FOR A CHANGE.



THE END.

KILLER

THE brush gave way to a thin trail leading back into the hills. Piggy Coswell shoved his oversized body into the narrow run-way, started to climb slowly, puffing a little, unhappily aware of his size and the narrowness of the trail along which he traveled.

In a sunlight-studded clearing, he paused for a short time, to catch his breath. The fluting whistle of a chewink in the underbrush, the flash of a tanager across the open, the cross scolding of a squirrel high in the needled safety of a pine tree.

It was very quiet. Piggy settled his bulk on an up-ended tree, listened with uncomfortable uncertainty to the sounds about him. He knew the posse would not be far behind, knew that if they caught up with him there would be more shooting.

That last guard hadn't had much sense. It hadn't been possible to do anything else, even if Piggy had been so inclined. But bloodshed was far from a novelty to him. He'd seen it shed, had done a little shedding himself more than once.

The stick-up out on the West Coast had been a bad time. It had been the one time Piggy Coswell had been in cahoots with Gus, The Torch. Gus had fumbled his part in the little drama, and the result had been a close and hot pursuit by the police, culminating in a wild ride across town and final abandonment of the machine, well riddled with gunshot. They'd managed to escape, and Piggy had grabbed the first opportunity to take it on the lam, leaving his recent partner in crime to shift for himself.

* * * * *

THE police had almost caught up with Piggy out in the Middle West. That had been a narrow squeak. Again Piggy had jumped town just ahead of the strong arm of the law,

which, by then, had seemed to be everywhere.

He had gone into forced hibernation for almost three months, had taken time out during his rest to look back over the long and dangerous years, and had realized that he'd gained very little during that time, and risked much.

And now, once more, Piggy was just about two jumps ahead of the law. Piggy new, as he had known countless times in the past, that one little slip on his part, one false move, and he was a dead duck.

Slowly Piggy ambled across the clearing, found the trail leading on into the hills and pressed into it. Branches and twigs rasped at his face and body.

On a knoll further back in the hills he paused to look down into the sunlit valley below. The spire of a church thrust up from among the trees, and he could see diminutive people moving along a street at the edge of town. Down there the sheriff would be organizing his posse, would be heading out into the hills. Perhaps they'd use bloodhounds. . .

Once more Piggy turned and moved on into the woods. The trail wound down gently, curving away to the left—

A sound came softly to Piggy and he pulled up sharply, swinging the captured rifle into both hands. It puzzled him at first, aroused his suspicion. It came again, sharp and thin, with something in it very like fear.

* * * * *

CAUTIOUSLY the big man thrust himself forward, taking great caution not to make a sound. The trail moved around in a circle and suddenly Piggy Coswell paused to stare.

A small, scared voice sounded. "Hold still, Stubby. I-I c-can't do anything w-when you k-keep moving like that. Please, S-Stubby—"

It took a moment for Piggy to figure out what was happening. A boy was crouched on the ground, while before him, stretched out in the trail, was a shaggy airedale. Piggy saw the boy trying to open the two end clamps of a double-spring trap, which was fastened about the dog's forefoot.

The dog pricked up his ears, whined sharply and the boy whirled in the narrow trail, staring up from a tear-stained, dirt-smudged face. Slowly his small face broke into an unwilling smile.

"Gee, mister," he cried. "You—you scared me—"

Piggy grinned. "Looks like you're that all-ready, bub. What happened?"

"Somebody—somebody set this darned old trap and Stubby stepped into it—"

Piggy nodded as the boy turned back, focused once more upon the all-important task of releasing his friend.

FOR a moment, Piggy stood motionless, many things going through his head. He could remember, for instance, when he'd had a dog. That was years ago. He'd gone all-out for that mutt. It had been bitten by a dog with rabies and they'd had to "do away" with Piggy's mutt.

There'd been another dog later. It had been run over and that had been the end of dogs for Piggy. He'd felt he was jinxed so far, and there hadn't been any more after that . . . outside of the ones the state police had used to trail him once.

And now the strong arm of the law was organized, was moving out through the woods. Piggy knew he was anything but safe, knew his very life was in peril right now.

"Gee, mister," the boy whispered, turning his head, fresh tears standing out in his eyes. "I—I can't d-do much with this. Maybe if y-you'd kind of try—it hurts Stubby something awful and I—I c-can't—"

Uneasily Piggy set the rifle in easy reach, got laboriously down on his knees, took hold of the two springs of the trap. It was a good big proposition. Piggy discovered, as he tried to compress both springs at the same time. It didn't work . . .

"Getting old," Piggy muttered, puffing a little.

He reached forward to pat the dog lying on the ground. It made Piggy's hand feel warm to touch the mutt. But he was wasting precious seconds . . .

"Maybe if I tried to open one side while you took the other side," the boy offered swiftly. "That way—"

"No go," Piggy growled. "You been trying a long time now, and couldn't do nothing. Wait.

Got a piece of cord in your—No, here. We'll use my belt. I'll compress one and you get my belt around it. Then I can manage the other side."

* * * * *

THE plan worked and Piggy moved around so he could get at the other side. The dog was whining with excitement now, licking at Piggy's hands as he squatted again to grasp the other spring . . .

The voice was level, harsh. "Don't move, you!"

So it had come. Piggy froze where he was, shutting his eyes a moment, expecting to hear the blast of a gun shot, feel the first tearing blow of a bullet.

It didn't come. Nothing happened except that a twig snapped sharply and without looking Piggy could feel the nearness of someone back of him.

"Okay, okay," he snarled. "Hold your shirt a second till I get this other side. Hey, bub. Get busy with that strap!"

Carefully Piggy Coswell compressed the other side, and the jaws fell apart. The dog lifted his foot out hurriedly, scrambled to three feet, limped a little to the side. The boy had his arms around the mutt's neck, was crying a little, laughing a lot.

"Gee, mister, thanks. T-that was swell, h-helping us out . . . thanks, mister—"

"Okay," Piggy growled. "Now go home and get that mutt's paw bandaged up. Beat it. I . . . I've got business to tend to!"

They disappeared up the trail and Piggy asked, "Mind if I get up? There's my rifle—"

"Hold it," the voice snarled.

Careful hands went over him. "Okay. Get up. But remember . . . you're worth more dead than alive!"

* * * * *

PIGGY Coswell stood up. His knees were a little cramped and his head went around.

Must be getting old . . . "Imagine," a voice said. "Piggy Coswell, the famous killer. Caught while trying to get a dog out of a trap. You must be getting mush-headed, Piggy."

"Maybe. What's the difference? The kid's happy now . . . if I hadn't come along just then—"

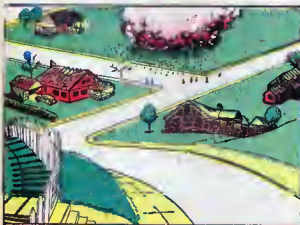
He turned slowly to look at them, three hard faced men looking at him over rifles. Piggy added softly, "I used to have a mutt once. He was a great mutt, too. Why. I'd have done anything for him. Just as he did for me. I . . . I guess I still would!"

THE END

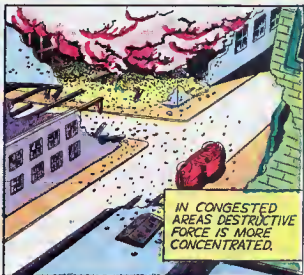
HOW BLAST WORKS



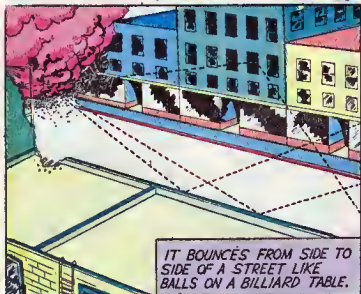
THE WAR, ESPECIALLY THE VARIOUS TYPES OF ATTACKS ON LONDON, GAVE SCIENTISTS A CHANCE TO STUDY BLAST. HERE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT IT.



IN OPEN AREAS BLAST FORCE IS LARGELY DISPERSED, ONLY HOUSES IN DIRECT LINE OF EXPLOSION ARE MADE UNFIT FOR HABITATION.



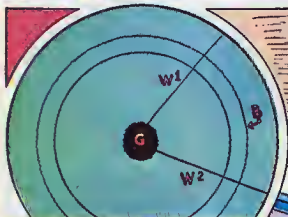
IN CONGESTED AREAS DESTRUCTIVE FORCE IS MORE CONCENTRATED.



IT BOUNCES FROM SIDE TO SIDE OF A STREET LIKE BALLS ON A BILLIARD TABLE.



OR IT MAY TURN A CORNER.



PORTRAIT OF BLAST: B IS THE FRONT OF A SHOCK WAVE SPREADING FROM AN EXPLOSION G PRODUCED BY SETTING OFF A DETONATOR SUPPORTED BY WIRES W1, AND W2.

BLAST WAS MINIMIZED BY FALLING AND COVERING THE HEAD WITH HANDS OR WHATEVER ELSE WAS HANDY.



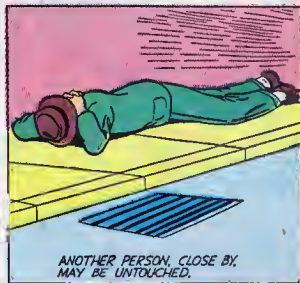
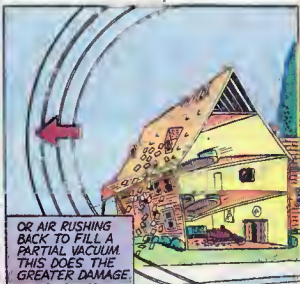
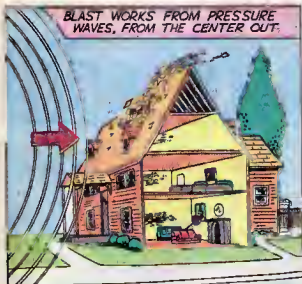
BLAST IS NOT THE FLYING DEBRIS FROM A SHELL OR BOMB.



BLAST IS NOTHING MORE THAN A TREMENDOUS AND SUDDEN DISTURBANCE OF THE AIR.

BUILDINGS SEEMS TO TREMBLE.

JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS



ANYBODY'S GUESS!



THE SACRED ELEPHANTS OF SIAM
BY NATURE ARE WHITE AND BELONG
TO THE CROWN, BUT IF BAD, THEY ARE PAINTED
BLACK AND GIVEN A BEATING.



THE 'STOLEN
CROWN JEWELS
OF IRELAND

VALUED AT TWO MILLION DOLLARS.
STOLEN FROM DUBLIN CASTLE ON
JULY 1907...WHERE THEY ARE IS
STILL A MYSTERY.



THE WALKING ZOMBIES
ARE THEY WALKING DEAD MEN? THE BELIEF IN
HAITI IS...THAT THEY ARE TAKEN FROM THE GRAVE,
AND MADE TO MOVE AND OBEY THEIR MASTER....
DO SUCH HUMAN ROBOTS LIVE ???

The WHEEL of LIFE

BASED ON INCIDENTS IN
"MEN OF SCIENCE"
PUBLISHED BY
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC
CORPORATION



THE PROFESSOR HAD INVENTED THE WHEEL OF LIFE TO DEMONSTRATE THE PERSISTENCY OF VISION TO HIS CLASSES AT THE UNIVERSITY!

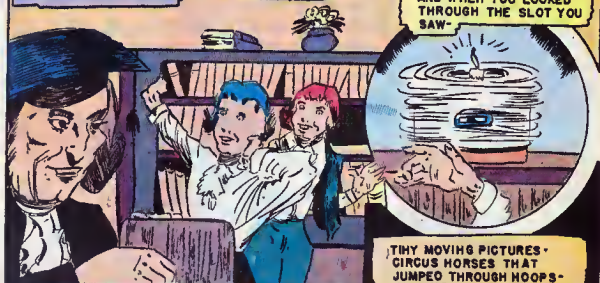
EIGHTY YEARS AGO, IN THE OLD CITY OF GHENT, IN BELGIUM THERE LIVED A DIGNIFIED OLD PROFESSOR. HIS NAME WAS JOSEPH ANTOINE PLATEAU, AND EACH AFTERNOON HE WOULD WALK HOME FROM THE UNIVERSITY, THE VERY PICTURE OF A SOLEMN OLD SCHOOLMASTER. AND YET INVARIABLY, AT HIS HEELS THERE TRAILED A CROWD OF SHRIEKING AND LAUGHING CHILDREN. THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE TO SEE HIS WONDERFUL TOY- THE WHEEL OF LIFE!



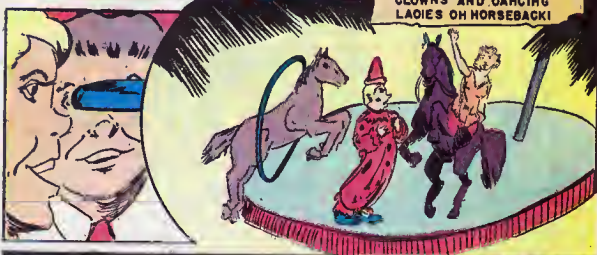
JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

BUT IT WASN'T TO HIS STUDENTS THAT HE LOVED TO SHOW IT, BUT TO THE CHILDREN, AFTER SCHOOL. TO THEM IT LOOKED LIKE A TOY. MERRY-GO-ROUND-

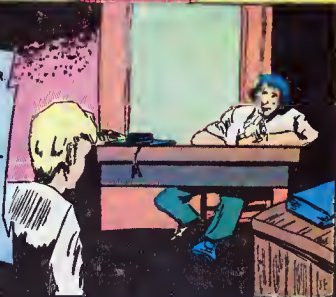
IT HAD A CANDLE IN THE MIDDLE AND YOU SPUN IT AROUND WITH YOUR FINGER AND WHEN YOU LOOKED THROUGH THE SLOT YOU SAW-



TINY MOVING PICTURES - CIRCUS HORSES THAT JUMPED THROUGH HOOPS - CLOWNS AND DANCING LADIES ON HORSEBACK!



BUT THERE WAS A TRAGIC THING ABOUT THE OLD PROFESSOR. NOT ONCE DID HE PUT HIS OWN EYE TO THE SLOT OF THE WHEEL OF LIFE, NOT ONCE DID HE LOOK AT THE DANCING FIGURES. THE CHILDREN WHO LOVED HIM TOOK HIM TO SCHOOL IN THE MORNING AND HAD TO BRING HIM HOME AT NIGHT, BECAUSE THIS MAN, JOSEPH ANTOINE PLATEAU, WHO INVENTED THE MOVIES WAS BLIND!



JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

MEANWHILE AT PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA
LELAND STANFORD AND A FRIEND GET
INTO AN ARGUMENT!

AGALLOPING HORSE LIFTS
ALL FOUR FEET OFF THE
GROUND!

YOU'RE
CRAZY!



BET YOU A
THOUSAND!

YOU'RE ON!



THAT BET WAS SETTLED THREE YEARS
LATER BY A MAN NAMED EDWARD MUY-
BRIDGE, WHOM STANFORD HIRED. MUY-
BRIDGE SET UP 24 CAMERAS ALONG A
RACETRACK. TO THE SHUTTERS OF EACH
CAMERA HE TIED A SILK THREAD, WHICH
HE STRETCHED ACROSS THE TRACK!



AS THE HORSE GALLOPED PAST IT
WOULD TRIP EACH THREAD SO THAT THE
HORSE IN EFFECT TOOK 24 PICTURES
OF HIMSELF, ONE AFTER THE OTHER
A SPLIT SECOND APART!



ONE OF THE PICTURES DID SHOW THAT
A HORSE SOMETIMES LIFTS FOUR FEET
OFF THE GROUND. BUT MUYBRIDGE HAD
COME MORE THAN PICK UP A THOUSAND
DOLLARS FOR STANFORD. HE BUILT A
MACHINE LIKE A MAGIC LANTERN TO
FLASH THOSE PICTURES ON A SCREEN
IN RAPID SUCCESSION, AND THEREBY
SHOW THE WORLD ITS FIRST PHOTO-
GRAPHIC MOTION PICTURE!

JACK-IN-THE BOX COMICS

IN NEWARK, N.J. A PRINTER NAMED JAMES WESLEY NYATT HAPPENED TO CUT HIS FINGER WITH HIS PENKNIFE



HE WENT OVER TO THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD TO GET SOME COLLOIDION TO CEMENT THE CUT. AS HE OPENED THE CUPBOARD HE FOUND THE BOTTLE LYING ON ITS SIDE IN A POOL OF RECENTLY DRIED COLLOIDION!



SUDDENLY HE STOPPED, AND HE WENT OVER TO HIS BENCH AND PULLED A PROOF OFF THE BED OF TYPE HE HAD BEEN SETTING. HE HELD IT UP TO THE LIGHT AND

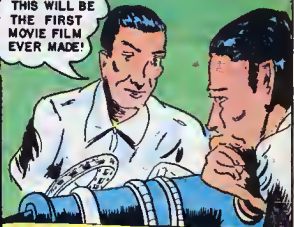


HE READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT:

PHILAND AND COLLENDAR
OF NEW YORK CITY
OFFER ¹⁰⁰⁰ FIRST PRIZE
TO ANYONE WHO CAN DIS-
COVER A SUBSTITUTE FOR
IVORY

IN ROCHESTER, N.Y. GEORGE EASTMAN TURNED THAT CELLULOID INTO MOVIE FILM!

THIS WILL BE THE FIRST MOVIE FILM EVER MADE!



FOR NEARLY A YEAR AFTER THAT THE LAMPS IN THE HYATT PRINT SHOP BURNED LATE INTO THE NIGHT, AND NYATT FOUND A SUBSTANCE THAT WON THE \$10,000 PRIZE AND HE WON A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN THAT; HE WON A MILLION DOLLARS, FOR IN THE COMMON STUFF WE CALL COLLOIDION HE DISCOVERED CELLULOID!



THE LONG YEARS OF LABOR OF ALL THESE MEN, AND DOZENS OF OTHER MEN HAD ALL COME TOGETHER TO PRODUCE A GIANTIC FABULOUS INDUSTRY THAT WOULD BRING - THE MOVIES!

REDUCE FAT!

UP TO **5lbs.** A WEEK
EAT PLENTY!

YET

THE NEW, SCIENTIFIC WAY TO

LOSE WEIGHT

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

REDUCE 10-20-30 LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely — we guarantee it! **KELPIDINE** does the work with little effort on your part, is **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS** and supplies a food mineral which is **VITAL** for balanced nutrition. **KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU!** It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor, **YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY!** Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With **KELPIDINE**, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. **Kelpidine (fucus)** is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an **ANTI-FAT**, FOR THE RELIEF OF OBESITY. AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. An United States Government Agency classifies **KELPIDINE** as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, **YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE!**



"My Grateful Thanks to Kelpidine. In just a few weeks I lost 5 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." Joan Fleming, New York City.

**NO STARVING
NO EXERCISE
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE**

**Absolutely
HARMLESS**

**and Actually
GOOD FOR YOU!**

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 20, 30 and up to 40 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely **FREE** with your order.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

American Healthaids Co., Dept. T-B1
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for \$2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City State

☐ I enclose \$5. Send three months' supply.

SENT ON APPROVAL

ADVICE TO "JACK IN THE BOX" READERS

BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules:

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbecoming skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it! Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 206, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



JACK IN the BOX #16 CDC #11-12/47
CHAS. Lamy + CHAS. Santambrogio

KIEFER
BROWNE
"DERBUNKER"
BROOSKY ?